

# NEW ENGLAND ON THE SEA SPRAY

## PLEASURE CRAFT IN NEW LONDON HARBOR

### BAR HARBOR

Bar Harbor, Me., Saturday.—Things are about all over here now except the good-bys and the packing of trunks for town. Friday was the gala day and it kept things pretty well on the move. In the morning there were a couple of hours of water sports, and at night the Casino was thronged to the very walls at the annual society vaudeville show for the benefit of the hospital, which is practically supported by the summer residents. Mrs. Wellman sang, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Adamowski gave some piano and violin selections, George Rodgers sang and there were other interesting numbers.

Mrs. Charles Ewing Green entertained at Kobo, in honor of Miss Castleman, of Kentucky, and L. M. Hone, of New York, on last Saturday.

Miss A. L. Dayton, daughter of the late Judge Dayton, of Trenton, N. J., has arrived at the St. Sauveur. Mrs. Dwight Braman, Miss Braman, Miss Dudley and Miss Winterhoff came from the Manor Inn, Sullivan Harbor, to attend the horse show.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Woodman and Mrs. Haskell Ewing, of Philadelphia, are at Richfield Springs.

Mrs. Frederic Lyon Charles is registered at the St. Sauveur.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence Green and guests of the St. Sauveur. A Bleeker Banks, at Saltair, General and Mrs. Ripley and Miss Ripley were guests of Miss C. B. Spence at lunch Tuesday at Sorrento. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ewing, Jr., of Sorrento, attended the horse show Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Bliss announce the engagement of their daughter, Annie Louise, to Mr. Charles Warren, of Boston.

The mid-week dance at the Malvern was very successful this week. Those who gave dinners were Miss Fatten, Mrs. Ellsworth, Mr. Nichols, Mrs. Moncre Robinson, Mrs. Morgan Hill, Mrs. Sullivan and Miss Fox. Mrs. Robinson's dinner was given for Miss Fannie Coleman, of Lebanon, Pa.

Forty-seven people dined at Kobo Saturday night, and about seventy-five attended the dance later in the evening. Among those at dinner were Mrs. Henry W. Green, Miss Green, Mr. Hone, Miss Fox, Mr. Green, Miss Castleman, Miss Taylor, Mr. Stewart, Miss Ripley, Miss Hone, Mr. Birkhead, Mrs. Burleigh, Mr. Rush, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Cuyler, Mr. Sears, Miss Kane, Mr. Grant Mr. Whitlow, Miss Draper, Mrs. Willman and Mrs. Burleigh.

Seth Low, Mayor of New York, has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kennedy at Kenard Lodge.

A delightful musicale was held at Eden Hall last evening when Mrs. Untermyer was hostess to nearly a hundred of the leading society people. Miss Lydia Eustis sang, Mr. von Gartner played, and Mr. and Mrs. Adamowski contributed several numbers.

There was the usual large attendance Saturday at the table d'hôte dinner and the following. At the dinner Mrs. Charles Ewing Green dined a party of eighteen, and Mrs. T. G. Condon entertained the same number. John Hone had ten in his party. Mr. Sullivan eight and Mrs. Margaret Wright six.

Mr. and Mrs. Parks E. Simmons, of Evanston, Ill.; George N. Hartman, Mrs. H. M. Kinsley, of New York; Miss Miss, of Chicago; T. L. Rinkhardt, of Washington, are among the recent arrivals at the Louisburg.

Among the recent visitors in the harbor has been the sloop Hesper, with Mr. and Mrs. H. T. De Windt and family aboard. Mrs. S. E. Colby and Thomas Whitney, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Perham, Lowell; Mr. and Mrs. De Wit Roosa, of Kingston, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wheeler, of Boston, and the Rev. W. W. Penn, of Cambridge, were registered at the Newport Sunday.

Among the dinners given Friday evening were those at the Eden street home by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Livingston, who entertained Count and Countess Lauger-Villars, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Emery and Mr. and Mrs. R. Hall McCormick.

## GRINDSTONE NECK AND ITS MANY FOG-HORN PECULIARITIES

GRINDSTONE NECK, Me., Saturday. ABOUT twenty-five years ago a ship carrying a cargo of grindstones north from Portland was wrecked on a ledge jutting out from a shoal off Grindstone Neck, about five miles from Bar Harbor. The cargo of the ship gave its name to the land on which the vessel was wrecked, and Grindstone Neck was named. The neck is joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus, on one side of which is situated the little village of Winter Harbor.

Some gentlemen spending the summer of 1891 in the village were attracted by the possibilities of Grindstone, and formed a syndicate for its purchase. Roads were laid out, water works built, and the land was surveyed and staked off in lots.

The casual visitor from Bar Harbor, Northeast Harbor and other neighboring resorts is struck with the air of quiet which pervades the entire place. On the dock are no hurrying hackmen and officious drivers jostling your patronage, while they snatch your valise from your struggling grasp. There are drivers, indeed, but they are apathetic, and give the impression that they are driving a hackboard not for a living, but because "there ain't nawthin' else to do."

As one is driven over the half mile of dusty road which separates the steamboat landing and the Grindstone Inn he finds that the quiet prevailing on the wharf is confusion in comparison with the stillness on the point. The cottages all seem to regard him with an irritating indifference, and "Philadelphia" is stamped on everything.

In so small a resort as Grindstone life is very much the same every day of the season. The visit of a few midshipmen from the fleet lying in Bar Harbor brings delight to the younger girls, but anguish to the middle-aged women when they are mistaken for belles at the hotel by the mothers of these same girls and peremptorily ordered to fetch a can of hot water.

Next to the visit of the British or American fleet to Bar Harbor, and the consequent influx of young officers, tennis tournaments cause the greatest excitement, and during each match the grounds are crowded with eager partisans, applauding every well placed stroke of the side which they favor. In fact, tennis and sailing take up the entire attention of the younger half of Grindstone folk, while their elders, after watching the tennis in the early morning, repair about twelve o'clock to the swimming pool, there to watch the swimming from a covered balcony.

In the afternoon, more tennis or sailing is the order of the day, while the older people take one of the numerous beautiful drives which lead from Grindstone Neck. The drive to Schoodic Mountain, through sweet smelling pine woods by the waters of the bay, is particularly beautiful, and the view from the mountain top, if the day is clear, extends as far as the eye can see in every direction.

Both the natives and their language furnish much amusement to the summer residents, or "rusticators," as they are called by the rustics. "I want to know," is indicative of great surprise or astonishment, and assertions are invariably ended with "Waal now, I'll bet ye." Water is "hot," visitors are asked to "set" down, the children are "learned" at school, and fat is "callin'" (call) to see what care market with the "hoss" to see what he can "git."

Queerer than their dialect are the natives themselves. As a class they are stolid, indifferent and above all, lazy. Any one who desires to obtain proof of the last statement should try the experiment of hiring a village boy to do odd jobs. Usually the wage is ten cents, and he goes to market with the "hoss" to see what he can "git."

The standard of morality in the village is not high. One old man died recently who had had seven wives, some of whom are living yet. Divorce is not resorted to, but a simple change is effected, probably with the consent of both parties.

What I have just said would not influence the reader to think that the laws are much obeyed in this part of the State. But any one who wishes to see what care the country takes of the lives of its citizens should count the number of buoys within a radius of four miles from this point. Bell buoys, whistling buoys, red buoys, black buoys, buoys with horizontal stripes, buoys with vertical stripes, all mark the dangerous reefs and warn ships where to go. There are three lighthouses in the bay alone, two of them not two miles apart.

And all these precautions are necessary because of the thick fogs which wrap sea and shore alike in a wet blanket. The fog is annoying to those on land as well as on sea. It is a nuisance to the traveler, and a friend of mine spent a week here without once getting a sight of the outer cottages because of the fog. This is Grindstone's only drawback, but to those who have become used to it it is not a pleasure killer. And there is always the Casino to resort to on bad days, with the bowling alleys and shuffleboards.

### GOLDEN ROD.

It blazes in the meadow,  
It blazes on the hill;  
It blazes on the roadside,  
It blazes by the rill.  
It blazes in the morning,  
It blazes at the noon;  
It blazes in the searby,  
It blazes 'neath the moon.  
It blazes, O it blazes,  
It blazes night and day;  
And while it brightly blazes  
O let it blaze away.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## COMMODORE VAN RENSSLAER OF THE PHILA. CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB AND PARTY AT NEW LONDON

### GREAT THE CHARM OF WILD AND ROCKY BALD HEAD CLIFF

BALD HEAD CLIFF, Me., Saturday. ANY persons think that the wild and rocky beauty of the Maine coast (in York county) is centered in York Harbor or Ogunquit, and that these places are the resorts of the sea lovers, but this is not so.

The distance between York Harbor and Ogunquit is about twelve miles, but it is between these villages that thousands of persons go year after year as cottagers or patrons of the quaint inns along the seacoast. One of the simplest, kept by a former farmer, is said to make a clear profit of \$5,000 a season. The boundary line of the summer colony runs three miles from Fisherman's Cove, near Ogunquit, to beyond Bald Head Cliff. It is marked by a magnificent stretch of sea, walled by wild, towering cliffs and untouched by the landscape designer.

Back of the cliffs and leading into the open country are long, heathery, brown colored downs. The air is as bracing and free as that of the Scotch highlands, and under its influence city maidens cast off their pretty white gowns and, clad in dresses and shoes made for wear, form companies to pick berries for early morning breakfasts. And it is well they do, for mine host of the rocks pays little attention to the creature comforts of his guests. They come here because there is no other place in the world like it," he says, loftily. "We give 'em what they come for."

"Old timers" tell of a time not so long ago when these shrewd Maine farmers decided to "take city boarders." Scrambled eggs, "home killed" beefsteak, bacon, a few vegetables and huckleberry pie made up the menu. Only one napkin a week was given. The allowance of butter was limited to "one helping." There was no cream and no side dishes. "The food all goes in the same stomach, so what's the use of finicky side dishes for vegetables and things," was the landlord's philosophy.

The new patron got cross, but the landlord did not mind. He got crosser when he found a smoky lamp and broken water pitcher in his room, but it all left him when he looked out of his window and saw the sea spray playing havoc one hundred feet below.

What did he care after all for city luxuries! The primitive freshness of the place was worth a million side dishes, clean lamps or pitchers of "unshaved" cream. The man had caught the Cliff fever—he knew his place. He never contained essence of joy until he smoked it walking across the downs. The heath seemed full of electricity, his legs stretched out as if they had never attained their normal length before, he sniffed the sea air with the delight of a Viking chief.

If a new visitor drives over from York Beach or Ogunquit, a resident patron has to answer his questions, and finally go and find Mine Host. There is no bellboy, no maid except the waitresses, and as they work in the kitchen, take care of the rooms and wait on the tables, they are supposed to bother with such trivialities as patrons.

There was a New York woman who tried to reform the culinary tastes of an old landlady who maintains a characteristic hostelry near Fisherman's Cove. She gave the usual Maine fare, and when the winter came the New York woman invited her summer hostess to spend a week with her in New York. Many borders were taken into the secret, and they jumped for joy at the thought of the dishes of lobster à la Newburg, anchovies, chicken à la Maryland, crabs à la epicure and sous seducing sauces they would get the next year.

The old lady was dined with the choicest menus of the season. She enjoyed everything and smacked her lips in impolite but honest appreciation of all she ate. Her hostess was in thrills of delight, but, alas! the Maine landlady was gripped by indignation the very day before she left, and as she rocked to and fro before the fire she moaned solemnly, "I always said a plain diet for me, and I've sinned against light."

There are many handsome summer cottages near the ocean front, and as trolley and telephone enterprises have all been discouraged and the railway station is six miles away, undesirable summer boarders and picnicers are kept away. Consequently the people one meets on the rocks, on the golf links or on the shore are with few exceptions literary people, artists, clergymen, idealists, philanthropists and that class of men and women whom one is glad to know and who always know and do something worth talking about.

The only modern summer resort touch to the whole neighborhood is a golf links and tennis club, planned, laid out and managed by summer patrons and called the Cliff Country Club. Moonlight trolley rides are another delight, the summer visitors driving into York Beach and taking the trolley line that goes out toward Portsmouth. As the car goes in the direction of Kittery streets are made at a little tower like restaurant, perched far above the roadway, and perhaps plans are made for climbing Mount Agamenticus next day. The inn wagons meet the returning trolley at York Beach at eleven o'clock, and the cliff homes are reached before midnight.

At Fisherman's Cove a city artist has a summer school, and it is a pretty sight to see the ambitious young painters seated under their umbrellas, on the rocks or on the shore near the studio, and trying to put on their canvasses the unimpeachable charm of rose shaded mountainous roads, lush heather covered downs and rock buttressed foaming sea.

### WATCH HILL NEAR THE SEASON'S END

WATCH HILL, R. I., Saturday.—This is the last real day of the summer, and will about close the season for the hotel people.

This has been a busy week at the golf club, with the men's tournament and the matrimonial fairs. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Phelps won the latter event, beating Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wesson. In the match for the Watch Hill House cup W. H. Lyon won Nelson G. P. Lawson, who won the New York city championship this spring, in the first round, 6 up and 5 to play, but was beaten in the final round 1 up and 3 to play. He won the consolation cup.

Miss Dorcas L. Bradford was quietly married Wednesday to Mr. Reginald Washburn. Miss Bradford is the daughter of E. S. Bradford, State Treasurer of Massachusetts. Mr. Washburn is a Harvard man.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Jayde Ethel Pope and Julian Stewart Jones, of Baltimore. The ceremony will take place here on September 12 at the summer home of the bride in Ninigret avenue.

A house party at Mr. Nelson Perin's, the Cedars includes Miss Grace Tuck, Miss Frances MacDonald, S. R. Mason, Gilbert Riennan and Nelson R. Perin.

Miss Beatrice Whittemore is a guest of Mrs. M. B. Metcalf at Wetaloom. Thomas E. Lewis won the Ocean House cup, while H. Wilson defeated Marshall Darach 3 up and 1 to play, and won the consolation cup.

A cotillon was given at the Atlantic House on Tuesday evening, which was led by Miss Alice Cole, of New York, and senior class at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston. The patronesses were Mrs. W. H. Wilcox, Mrs. L. S. Furbush, Miss E. C. Wooster and Miss M. E. Smith.

Miss Jeannette Gossett, of New York, was the soloist at the Sunday evening concert at the Ocean House. She has been tossed about and threatened with shipwreck in gales lasting weeks at a time and has faced the dreadful simoons

### CAPE COD, THE OLD LAND OF SAILORS

Charms of the "Bare and Bended Arm" of Massachusetts.

CHATHAM, CAPS COD, Mass., Saturday. IT is now the height of the season in this quaint old town, situated on the elbow of the "bare and bended arm" of Massachusetts' coast line, where "a man may stand and put all America behind him."

The Old Home Week celebration brought many of her sons and daughters to the old seaside, accompanied by their children. Many of these have remained for a season of rest and recreation, and helped to swell the number of summer sojourners to large proportions.

Chatham's facilities for bathing and boating are unsurpassed anywhere on the coast of New England, and there is good fishing inshore. The gunners will soon have their innings, as the shore birds are beginning to make their appearance in large numbers.

Many New York families find Chatham a delightful place in which to pass the vacation season. Professor R. H. Warren, organist of St. Thomas' Church, has a summer home here, and as often as his official duties permit, Major Henry L. Haines, U. S. A., recently ordered to San Francisco, is also a frequent visitor here, where his family make their permanent home.

Mrs. Walter K. Rosalier and daughters, Misses Helen and Marie Rosalier, of Brooklyn, pass the summer season here annually, making the Mattaquon their headquarters. Dr. and Mrs. R. Van Santvoord, Miss Marion H. Van Santvoord, Joseph Lincoln and family, James W. Hawes, E. W. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Buittles, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Nickerson, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony E. Porter, Mrs. W. H. Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. H. Williams and Hugh Jellid, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Harris, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. John Birge and Misses Marguerite and Carolyn T. Birge, of Troy, have also been among summer sojourners here.

Rear Admiral Beardsley, retired, and Mrs. Beardsley have recently been guests of Rear Admiral Charles H. Rockwell, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Rockwell, combining all the natural advantages mentioned in the foregoing verse.

In the palmy days of our merchant marine, when magnificent clipper ships flying the American flag ploughed every sea and American merchants were high in the East India and China trade, Cape Cod furnished a very large proportion of the commanders of these sturdy and speedy vessels. They were skillful navigators and courageous men, who gloried in their profession and bent every energy toward realizing the hopes of the owners for quick voyages.

Many of them, whose homes were on the rolling deep for months at a time, while making voyages to foreign ports, were in the habit of taking their wives and children with them, and of this number was the late Captain John Taylor, of Chatham, whose wife followed the sea with her husband for twenty-five years, and children with them, and of this number was the late Captain John Taylor, of Chatham, whose wife followed the sea with her husband for twenty-five years, and children with them, and of this number was the late Captain John Taylor, of Chatham, whose wife followed the sea with her husband for twenty-five years, and children with them.

### KENNEBUNKPORT

Charm of the "Bare and Bended Arm" of Massachusetts.

KENNEBUNKPORT, Me., Saturday.—This last week of the season has been a gay one socially.

There is a great deal of interest in the races for racehorses, and the cup given by D. D. Walker is on exhibition at the club house. Mrs. D. F. Platt and Miss Bliss won the finals in the ladies' doubles in the tennis tournament.

New Yorkers at the Wentworth House include L. D. Eldredge, Howard Pemberton, Jr.; J. W. Berlow and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lake. Mrs. D. F. Platt and Miss Bliss won the finals in the ladies' doubles in the tennis tournament.

New patrons of the Atlantic this week who will stay here September are Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Forde and son and Miss J. Wilson, Ottawa; Mrs. R. R. Stevenson and Mr. J. B. Patrick, Montreal; the Rev. W. C. Chapman, D. D., Toledo; Miss M. L. York, New York, and Miss J. L. Williamson, Brooklyn.

Mrs. J. Carter, Arthur B. Carter and Mr. and Mrs. C. Carter, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Carter, of New York, are arrivals of the week at the Granite State House. There was a delightful hearts party at the Cliff House Monday night gotten up by Mrs. Phillips, Miss Entz, Mrs. Givray, Miss Brown and Miss Anderson won prizes.

Mrs. W. Tillinghast, Mr. and Mrs. E. Van Wommer, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Davis, of Rochester, and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Lombard, of New York, are among the patrons of the Cliff House. Recent arrivals at the Old Fort Inn are L. H. Willes, J. O. H. Cosgrove, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lane, Abbott, L. A. E. S. H. Pendergast, Mrs. W. B. Isham, Miss Isham, of New York; Helen M. Rockwood, Charles P. Rockwood, Indianapolis; Richard Moot, Buffalo; Miss S. P. Bliss, Miss K. M. Bliss, Englewood; Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson, Chicago; Florence Field, Washington; Lucy Wallace, Frederic Mohle, Florence Mohle, Frederic B. Mohle, New York.

At the Arlington—Fred H. Lane, Mrs. C. Schick, Jr.; Otto F. Mellich, Henry J. Nemme, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Philadelphia. At the Nonantum—Harold Drummond, New York; Leonard and Mrs. J. B. Borden, Jersey City; Miss Borden, Miss J. B. Borden, Miss A. B. Borden, Plainfield.

### KENNEBUNKPORT ON ILLUMINATION NIGHT

When the Boats and Lights and Fireworks Add to the Beauties of Nature.

KENNEBUNKPORT, Me., Saturday. THE Kennebunkport can I ever forget that! That loveliest spot that earth's mortal knows; With thy beach and thy rocks, and thy fair wind, And odorous wood where the fir balsam grows. "ILLUMINATION NIGHT," the event of the season, is at hand at Kennebunkport, that rare little spot in the corner of Maine—in old times a famous shipping centre of the West India trade, at present a fashionable summer resort, combining all the natural advantages mentioned in the foregoing verse.

One stands at eight in the evening on the tumble down, deserted wharf near the river's mouth. The surface of the water in all directions is thickly sprinkled with tiny lights—the lanterns on idly moving canoes. Power boats, with their brighter lights and their nervous "Chuff! chuff!" thread their way energetically among the smaller craft. On the sand beach on the further bank of the river a tremendous bonfire lends artificial, wavering light to the water itself, and throws grotesque, fantastic shadows on the sand dunes beyond. The scene is a picture of the most beautiful kind, which dwindle away in pine woods. Figures scamper industriously over the beach around the fire. They suggest pic-

and drifted for days under a burning sun in the doldrums. Another old Chatham mariner, who was identified with the steamboat interests of New York in Commodore Vanderbilt's service, was Captain Samuel Howes, who was one of a long line of seafaring men furnished by the Howes family, which line has remained unbroken to this day.

A fine old portrait of Captain Howes is one of the cherished mementoes of by-gone days in the home of a member of the family, now ninety-three years old. The season will soon end, but the charms of Chatham and Cape Cod will attract hundreds of summer pilgrims to her shores annually until time shall be no more.

PHOTO BY WANDER WEYDE.

MISS ELLA ROGERS WILMINGTON

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